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Hands of God



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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

For the last five years, I've made the entirety of my revenue off of painting hands. Tourists love me. The NYC police ask for my license, greedy with their jealousy, and retreat to harass bike riders when I produce it. I never went to college. My options are limited.

But in all of my years, I had never seen hands like her's.

Chapter 2 by -



They were white like porcelain and smoother than cream. Her face was like that of an innocent angel. So open and care-free.

But she didn't want her hands painted like the other tourists. She didn't want the Eiffel Tower or a poodle. She didn't want the Statue of Liberty or a cardinal. She didn't want stars and stripes.

Instead, she held out that delicate hand and asked if i could write something on it.

"Anything!" I responded, happy to hear her sing-song voice.

She gazed into my eyes and smiled. "Then please paint 'Hand's of God!'"

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Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



I did as she said, ever so carefully. She looked at me and pulled me into the best hug that I've ever had. She didn't even seem bothered that she would smudge

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the wet paint, still drying on her skin.

She whispered, "Thank you," into my ear in a voice so sweet it seemed to make the world a better place. Her lips trailed beside my cheek for a moment as she pulled away, and I think that was the first moment that I began to fall in love with a girl. If you could even call her a girl. She seemed more like an angel.

She slipped something into my pocket, then she laughed, a sound that was like tinkling bells, and slipped away from me. When she was gone, and I had snapped out of her trance, I reached into my pocket, expecting to find the money I wanted for painting her hands. Instead, I found a slip of paper with an address and a time on it, along with the message 'Let me pay you in wine and a good night,' all written in a beautiful loopy hand. I don't recall her writing this out, so she must have done it before she walked up to me and asked me to paint.

I was so distracted by the note she left that I didn't notice the couple waiting by my sign until the woman called to me in her polite British voice.

"Excuse me, are you the lovely girl that paints hands?"

I shoved the piece of paper back into my pocket and smiled at the couple. "Why, of course." I said, and sat back down at my table, ready to paint whatever these people wanted. They weren't interesting, like the last girl. As I painted a replicate of the Mona Lisa across another strangers hands, I thought of the girl and her hands of god.

Chapter 4 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



I wasn't a lesbian. Previously. Seriously, why do people hate my kind so much? It doesn't affect them. Why should they care?

So, I painted the rest of the day, and ended my workday by painting an image of the Zaikman from a game called *Synaesthete*. I was surprised to find someone who knew that game. It was swept away by the *Undertale* craze, and to this day, remains one of my most high on the list of underappreciated games out there. It was certainly a high note, but not as high as the second

that girl danced her way into my life.

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I got to the address. It was a small, quiet street in the middle of nowhere which just added to that c

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She awaited me out front, waving me in with a plastic replica of a shestopyor, a European medieval mace.

"I see you took me up on that offer."

"Aye. You know what you're waving around, right."

"A plastic replica of a shestopyor uncovered in Paris-area France. An international family feud occurred and this was the fallen Englishman's, from the Wedtrington family."\\

"Huh. You know it to its core."

"Aye. Plastic."

And with that, the night commenced.

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